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# OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND  
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE --  
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE  
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR  
THEMSELVES"

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE MASSACHUSETTS  
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION  
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS --  
THE AMERICAN HUMANE  
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Vol. 56

No.

3

AUGUST, 1923

Price

10

Cents



PELICANS FEEDING THEIR YOUNG (See page 39)

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American Humane Education Society

180 Longwood Avenue Boston 17, Mass.

# Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark Registered

FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM

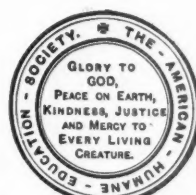
The Massachusetts Society  
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

The American Humane Education Society

The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

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No. 3

HE was more than a humorist who said that "our women have become fur-bearing animals."

SPAIN offers to send to this country the material for a real bull-fight. She must think our rodeos and wild west shows are too tame imitations. We have sins enough of our own without importing any bred in Spain.

IF anyone wants to read probably the most striking pamphlet ever written on the question of what the wearing of furs costs the fur-bearing animals of the world, he should send for Leaflet No. 24, published by the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 50 Madison Avenue, New York City. Its author is Minnie Madder Fiske.

THE per capita consumption of meat in all countries from which reports are obtainable appears to be much less than before the war. But then man is not a carnivorous animal anyway, if his teeth are allowed to testify. Following his stomach as a guide, he has become an omnivorous creature able to live for years even indulging in many poisonous things.

FINE progress has been made in England toward reform in the methods of slaughtering food animals when 350 butcher associations of the country join with the humane societies in demanding a law that shall compel the rendering of the animals unconscious by some mechanically operated device before the use of the knife. See editorial, "Vested Cruelty," on another page.

HUMANITY toward the railroads is needed when one reads such an advertisement as the following: "The Kulp Transportation Lines, with Fast Freight Service between cities, inherit all the advantages of the railroads without their heavy first costs. We do not have to buy right of way, or ties, or rails, or fill valleys, or build bridges. The highways are ready now to be used." There is no justice in such competition. Why should the taxpayers furnish roads for the heavy truck any more than for the railways?

## "LAW—NOT WAR"

This is to be the slogan from the Atlantic to the Pacific for the week-end of July 28-29, the anniversary of the outbreak of the Great War. In Europe "Universal Disarmament" will be the slogan. Well may friends of peace in Europe proclaim these words far and wide, for, even with Germany disarmed, there are more men under arms in Europe today than before the war.

If you would do your part to end war, if you would make these last days of July vocal with your protest against the madness of violence and force as a means of settling the quarrels of nations, write to the National Council for the Prevention of War, 532 Seventeenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., for their attractive blue and white poster, "Law—Not War," 15 x 11, 100 for 25 cents, \$2.25 for 1,000, and put them wherever space can be found and give them to your friends.

BOSTON—thermometer 95, 96,—scores of women on the streets with summer furs! Is it pure vanity, is it ignorance, is it thoughtlessness, is it deliberate hard-heartedness, that is responsible for such a senseless fashion?

SO extravagant has become the desire of woman for furs that as great an authority as Dr. Hornaday says that, unless the post-war demand had somewhat decreased, he believes the fur-bearing animals of the world would have been exterminated in five years, with the exception of rabbits, rats and mice.

WE wonder how many of the hundreds of people who invoke the aid of the press, Governors, Mayors, and other officers to prevent or put a stop to cruelty to animals ever thank them after their requests have been complied with?

SOME folks give according to their means, and some according to their meanness.

GEORGE ELIOT

## WE SHALL NOT GO BACK

WE mean to barbarism. For the moment the persistent efforts of bull-fight promoters and rodeo exhibitors might lead one to think we were slipping back to savagery. A great convention is held in the nation's capital and an exhibition is given of "broncho busting," "calf roping" and steer throwing that has outraged the better feelings of all who have learned of it. One witness says, "I saw a steer go down, breaking its neck. One cowboy girl suffered a broken ankle from a frantic broncho which threw her over backwards. Calves were driven into the arena with whip to be hog-tied in shortest possible time, and Brahma steers jumped and foamed and raged beneath their daring riders."

Next comes the announcement of a bull-fight to be staged in New Orleans, falsely, and possibly intentionally advertised as endorsed by the local humane society. This, we understand, is not to be permitted by the authorities of the city and state, greatly to the honor of Louisiana.

A few months ago an affair similar to the one in Washington took place in New York City, while influential society people held up the New York S. P. C. A. from acting by an illegally obtained injunction.

Still we insist we are not relapsing into barbarism. This recrudescence of the desire to witness cruel and demoralizing sports, this delight in the cowboy and wild-west type of the heroic, is one of the ugly things that follows war. In France, it has spread its loathsome infection until the bull-fight, one of its evil brood, is coming to be quite a common amusement. You can't train millions of men to kill, kill, kill, by every device human ingenuity can invent, no matter how horrible the suffering entailed, and escape the consequences both to the trainers and the trained.

But we shall survive. The work of centuries abides. There is an accumulation of good stored up through the generations which sooner or later comes to our rescue. Cruelty will never stalk through our common life again with the brazen and fearless face it wore even half a century ago. Humanity Martin, Henry Bergh, George T. Angell, Caroline Earl White have not lived in vain.

# ANIMAL ACTORS IN CONSTANT MISERY

EVIDENCES OF CRUELTY IN TRAINING AND BEHIND SCENES STEADILY INCREASING



BETWEEN THE CAGING AND THE STAGING OF WILD ANIMALS  
THERE IS A VERY CLOSE CONNECTION

## POLLING THE COUNTRY ON A QUESTION OF CRUELTY

THE cruelties in the training, exhibition, and transportation of performing animals have been brought to the knowledge of more than a quarter of a million persons in this country. They have joined a movement whose goal is the prevention of such cruelty. It is known as the Jack London Club. A law has been passed in Great Britain regulating the performances of trained animals in public. There is little prospect at present that any such action could be secured in the United States. To obtain popular expression upon the matter here it is urged that all Humane Societies undertake a straw vote in their respective communities. Make use of the following ballot, or request the newspapers in your city, town or county to print the same; send the count to *Our Dumb Animals*, Boston, Mass., which will announce the returns.

### JACK LONDON CLUB BALLOT

I am opposed to the training and exhibition of performing animals  
and do hereby register my disapproval of them.

Signed .....

NOW and then the cruelty culprit finds a powerful friend at court. A Washington, D. C., magistrate, before whom a hardened, western cow-puncher was arraigned by the Humane Society for cruelty, in twisting the head of a wild steer so painfully that the animal fell and broke its neck, dismissed the case on the ground of insufficient evidence. His decision was deplorable, but not remarkable nor incompatible, after the demoralizing rodeo had been permitted to take place in the nation's capital. The judge admitted that he was once a practised hand in the barbarous act of roping, throwing and "bull-dogging" steers. He missed his calling, it appears.

MAKE known your disapproval of performing animals by joining the Jack London Club.

To date, 283,274 persons have joined in our organized protest against the cruelty of trained animal acts. Among the recent members are 2,005 in Georgia and Alabama.

THE chief censor of the cinema in England excludes all films which show any cruelty to animals. Film producers in this country do business principally on the *laissez-faire* plan.

IF you realized the indescribable tortures that performing animals must go through to attain their proficiency and the subsequent slavery they are forced to endure, you would boycott and black-list such performances by not patronizing or witnessing them.

A THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD girl in Connecticut wrote to us, in July, that she had just attended her first circus and "certainly shall not ever go again, unless with a humane agent. Some of the trained animal tricks were the most senseless things ever put on a stage."

### If Only the Truth Were Known

"Audiences like to believe that the animals enjoy doing their tricks, and that they are treated like pampered darlings and that they just love their masters to death. But God help all of us and our meal tickets if the audiences could see behind the scenes. Every trained animal turn would be taken off the stage instantly and we'd be all hunting for a job." From "Michael Brother of Jerry"

### This Act an Impudent Deception

One of most vicious, degrading, cheap-John shows now on tour is an act featured as "Sultan, the untamable lion" in a side tent of the Sells-Floto Circus. We are getting many letters of complaint and more of disgust respecting the torment of this old and broken-spirited beast, who has lost most of his teeth, is practically blind, and an object of pity even to the callous-hearted, hoodwinked spectator. His trainer is not "heroic." He has a criminal record, having been convicted of cruelty to the lion. If you attend this circus, we advise you to see Sultan's act. The more you see of such brutal exhibitions, the more accurate will be your estimate of the circus. Sultan is a friendless, harmless and much-abused victim of commercialized cruelty.



FRIENDLY DOGS BUT PUPPETS AND SLAVES

## PERFECT LOVE

LOUELLA C. POOLE

ALAS, that they should flee from us  
 Affrighted, in their eyes  
 That hunted look, that mute appeal  
 That for our pity cries!

O that our love were great enough—  
 So near to the divine—  
 'T would clothe us like a raiment bright,  
 Impalpable and fine!

When Jesus walked the ways of earth,  
 All love and tenderness,  
 With sweet compassion in his eyes,  
 Think you, in wild distress

Our "little brothers" fled from Him?  
 I cannot think it so,  
 For "perfect love casts out all fear,"  
 And even they did know—

The little birds, the wild shy things  
 Of woods, the driven beast—  
 That heart of love could feel for all,  
 The greatest and the least.

## HORSE-SENSE

MARK G. BREWER

THE following boyhood experience was related to me by my father:

A few years ago I got the job of driving a grocery wagon around in a town that was unfamiliar to me. Consequently, I did not know the streets where I was to make deliveries.

"Oh, that's all right," said the boss, "You'll soon learn the route."

"But you are going with me the first time, aren't you?" I asked.

"Nope, you can depend upon the horse."

And so I went off, wondering whether this mysterious horse was really a man and the wagon a jinrikisha. No, the horse *was* a horse, and a beautiful one. He started off, went on for a block or two, then drew up to the curb and stopped in front of a house.

"What is he stopping for?" I asked myself. Then I remembered, "You can depend upon the horse." I went into the house and found them waiting for their groceries.

We made about thirty deliveries that afternoon, and not once did I have to say "Whoa" or "Get-up." The horse said all that part to himself.

Horses are not only used as beasts of burden, but they also help a lot in the thinking.

## HORSES IN THE PHILIPPINES

ONE of the principal reasons horses are not used for the cultivation of crops is that the native breed is too small for the draft required. The carabao is larger and stronger. It is estimated that there are about 1,000,000 carabaos in the islands and about 300,000 work cattle, the total value of these beasts of burden being about 160,000,000 pesos, according to college of agriculture statistics. Another factor against the use of horses in the fields is the mud. In the rice fields carabaos and bulls wade mud in which horses would mire. Diseases, particularly surra and glanders, kill thousands of horses annually in the Philippines. It is estimated that 10 per cent of the horse population fall victims of diseases annually.

—*Sluyter's Monthly*

## "Old Kate"—47-Year-Old Mule

MAY TERESSA HOLDER



ALTHOUGH "Clover," a horse more than 50 years old, belonging to a Baptist minister near Catawissa, Pa., holds the world's record for age, "Old Kate," the 47-year-old mule that was driven over the streets of Tuscaloosa, Alabama, more than thirty years ago, is a close second and is in a class by herself.

While Old Kate's figure droops with age, and while her hair is streaked with gray, and there are deep hollows about her kindly eyes, yet she raises her head with a bit more pride these days than was her wont in the past, for, despite her infirmities, was she not given a trip to Montgomery, where, as mascot, she was to take a prominent place in the inaugural parade of her once own dear driver, Governor Brandon of Alabama?

But withal, the memories of a past, crowded with romantic happenings, linger with her. Freshest in her memory is a vision of a shock-headed boy dressed in worn overalls who handled the reins as she pulled the horse-cars that carried the students from the University to Tuscaloosa, traveling back and forth over the dusty streets between the Druid City and Holt, Alabama, more than thirty years ago. She was younger and stronger then, and the horse-car skipper was, too. But one August day, in 1890, something went wrong; perhaps it was a broken wheel, a squeaky axle, slippery tracks, maybe insufficient pay! Anyway, the horse-car skipper mopped his brow and vigorously exclaimed, as he threw down the reins:—

"I'm going to quit this job. I'll drive this ramshackle no longer. I'm going to be Governor of the State, Kate!"

Today, more than thirty-three years later, that same man is none other than William W. Brandon, Governor of Alabama.

His ever faithful "Old Kate" has lived to see his prophecy fulfilled, and although she was taken to Montgomery for the inauguration, much difficulty was experienced in getting her from the baggage car, because, despite her age, she showed plenty of pep, resulting in an accident which prevented her from participation. And today, as she quietly browses in peace in the back yard of her owner, at Tuscaloosa, she faintly recalls the days when she traveled alongside the horse-car skipper, the pathway that led him to be skipper of the Ship of State. And a big bump of pride swells within her old heart.

## HORSE OR MOTOR?

WE know a man who owns both a horse and an automobile. He has just finished building a fine new garage for the machine and a still finer stable for the horse.

When his car needs cleaning he takes it to a repairman. But, day after day, he drives in his fine automobile out to his farm on Lorain road, and uses the curry comb on the horse until he's just as sleek as his highly polished automobile.

What do you think that man says?

"I'd rather own one horse, and have that horse accept me as a friend than own a string of the best automobiles you could hand me."

—*Cleveland Press*

Say it with printers' ink: "Be Kind to Animals."

Remember that the horse is the most nervous of all animals, and that little things annoy and irritate him. Remember that he will be contented or miserable according as you treat him.

## GOLDFISH AND FACTS

THERE are two facts that owners of live goldfish need to be taught. One is that fish live where there is plenty of shade, and their eyelids are poorly developed or entirely absent, according to the International Encyclopedia and other scientific authorities.

Therefore, when fish are put into transparent globes which admit all the light there is and from all directions at once, the fish cannot cover their eyes and cannot find a shady place in which to hide.

Stones and other small objects, such as water plants, can be put in the bowl in such positions as to make a little shade between and under some of them.

The activity of live goldfish in glass globes, so thoughtlessly admired by their owners, is a frenzied activity, a vain effort to find relief from glare.

The other fact is that there is air in the water where fish live in nature. Aerated water is a necessity of life for fish. Water in globes is still and free from air. The fish swim about with gaping mouths, gasping for breath and actually smothering for want of air.

It is hoped that persons who enjoy seeing goldfish in globes and who teach children to admire them in prisons, will consider these facts.

E. P., in *Los Angeles Times*

A CLERGYMAN, taking occasional duty for a friend in a remote country parish, was greatly scandalized on observing the old verger, who had been collecting the offertory, quietly abstract a fifty-cent piece before presenting the plate at the altar-rail.

After service he called the old man into the vestry and told him with some emotion that his crime had been discovered.

The verger looked puzzled for a moment. Then a sudden light dawned on him.

"Why, sir, you don't mean that old half-dollar of mine? Why, I've led off with that for the last fifteen years!"

—*Everybody's Magazine*

## THE FEAST

HELEN M. CADE

SPRING lamb, with green peas, from the garden!

*The feast most alluring was spread.*

*Impatient I waited my crony,*

*Twice yearly we met to break bread.*

*We both had grown old in the service,*

*A "D. D." he'd chosen to be,*

*While I, in my fresh youth and vigor,*

*Had been just a useful "M. D."*

*He glanced at the dinner before him,*

*And smiled—but the smile was of pain,*

*"I'm thinking, my brother," he murmured,*

*"Our lives we have lived, but in vain."*

*"I know you have helped those who suffer,*

*And I have endeavored to save,*

*Yet both of us murder, to pamper*

*The taste that our palates may crave."*

*"Yea, murder and slaughter our brothers,*

*For these that we eat are our kin,*

*We feast and partake of their life blood*

*With never a thought of the sin!"*

*"If you, or if I, had to slaughter*

*The lamb put before us today,*

*Our hearts would turn sick at its death-cry,*

*The price, for our greed, it must pay."*

*"O cease from this horrible bloodshed,*

*The fruits of the earth are so fair,*

*It may be this flesh makes man vicious,*

*And stifles his love unaware."*

*I turned from the meal in contrition,*

*My guilt was unquestioned, and true,*

*"This sin I'll atone for," I answered,*

*"Before my life's journey is through."*

*"I'll work that the world may be lightened,*

*Where this darkest shadow doth fall,*

*I'll help be my brother's true keeper,*

*The loving "Big Brother" of ALL."*

## HOW A BIRD FLIES

ELMER WHITTAKER

HOW many people can answer this question: "How does a bird fly?" It seems simple enough, and yet it is a problem that the wisest in such matters have made a study.

The most prominent fact about a bird, in which it differs from all other creatures, except the bat and insects, is its power of flying. For this purpose the bird's arm ends in only one long, slender finger, instead of a full hand. To this are attached the quills and small feathers on the upper side, which make up the wing.

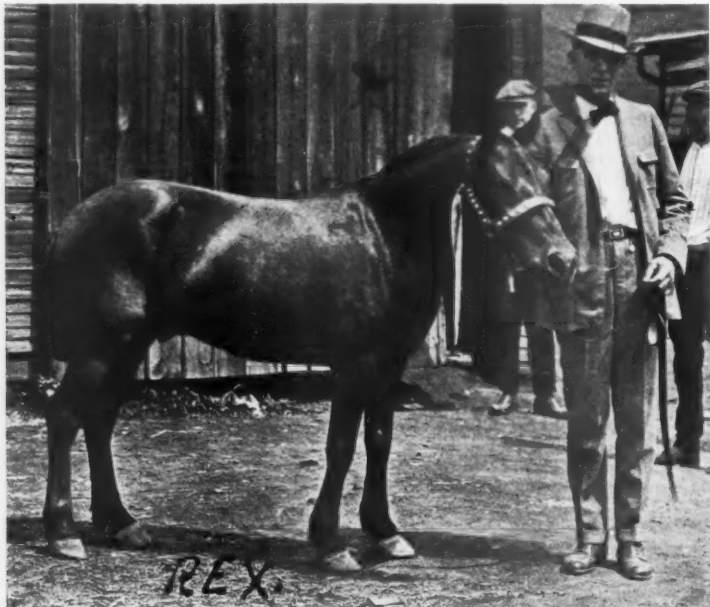
Observe how light all this is; in the first place, the bones are hollow, then the shafts of the feathers are hollow, and, finally, the feathers themselves are made of the most delicate filaments, interlocking and clinging to one another with little grasping hooks of microscopic fineness. An open wing forms a hollow on its under side like an inverted saucer; when the wing is forced down, the upward pressure of the air, caught under the cavity, lifts the bird up, much the same as you hoist yourself up between the parallel bars in a gymnasium.

This explains how the bird keeps itself in the air, but how does it sail forward at such terrific speed? It never in this way could get ahead, and the hardest question is now to be answered. Now the front edge of the wing, formed of the bones and muscles of the forearm, is rigid and unyielding, while the hinder margin is merely the soft, flexible ends of the feathers; so when the wing is forced down, the air under it, finding this margin yielding, the easier will rush out here, and, in so doing, will bend up the ends of the quills, pushing them forward out of the way which, of course, tends to force the bird ahead. This process quickly repeated by the flapping of the wings, results in the bird moving forward in its flight.

## RETREAT FOR BIRDS IN BUSY CITY

CAROLINE BOONE

AN unenclosed aviary exists in the center of a thriving California city. One block from automobile row, where humming motors and clanging street cars make the life of pedestrians precarious, a family of feathered creatures live in perfect harmony. The rear yard of this unusual city home is covered with oak trees and shrubbery. An artificial stream runs through its grounds. Birds of every variety known in California, including the timorous little wild quail that find a haven of safety in town, gather on a common feeding-ground each morning. The timidity with which the quail enter the family feast is interesting. They arrive in pairs. If they were humans we would call them clannish or exclusive. The male quail gives the call to his mate for breakfast and if she fails to respond instantly, he shows great impetuosity with her deliberate ways. After they have finished their meal they adjourn, in pairs, to some low roof and apparently talk over the day's program. Blue jays have proven the most avaricious, while the smaller bird family is meek and gracious. The trees and shrubbery are filled with the nests of the jays, and the cry of the babies can be heard until their mouths are filled. A close study of the quail and the affection that they show for each other, would lessen the desire of hunters to slay these most appealing feathered friends.



THE ENTIRE TOWN OF BICKNELL, INDIANA, WITH THE LOCAL BAND, PARADED THE STREETS WITH THIS PONY WHO WAS RESCUED AFTER TEN DAYS' ENTOMBMENT IN A MINE

## SOME SWIMMING BIRDS

L. E. EUBANKS

**M**OST of us if asked to name the swiftest thing in the water would answer that fish are the best swimmers and divers. But that is not true. It has been well said that a fish has no more chance to escape from a cormorant, after the bird has once spied it, than a cottontail rabbit has of outrunning a greyhound.

An observer of these birds, as they "hunt" on San Francisco Bay, describes them as "a pirate crew in black." They line up on the weather rail of an old wrecked vessel in the mud flats, and watch the fish hunting for crabs and worms on the moss-covered, rotting timbers. Then, quick as a flash of lightning, a cormorant dives. He has seen a fish, and nine times out of ten that fish is doomed, for the bird has wonderful sight, can dive fully as well as the fish and swim decidedly faster. Cormorants—at least in some countries—are protected by law; not because they destroy fish, but on account of the fertilizer, guano, which they deposit. Wherever their fishing is good, millions of these birds gather, and the guano becomes a valuable commercial product.

The penguin has been called as much fish as bird, and an examination of its feathers shows them to resemble scales. Accordingly, one writer has suggested the name squami-pennis—scale-feather. The penguin's wings are useless for flight, but he can strike out and swim fifty miles to sea with astonishing ease; then, with his appetite for fish and exercise satisfied, he returns to his home among the rocks near shore. The female penguin is a staunch defender of the home nest; she will fight anything, man included, in defense of her eggs.

The pelican is another good swimmer, though not so fast as cormorants and penguins. He is a little too fat and clumsy to dive well, so he adopts strategy and co-operation in his fishing. A flock of pelicans, selecting some shallow lagoon that is full of fish, form a line across it and, according to Edward T. Martin, who has been favorably situated to study bird habits, splash the water and beat their wings until they drive the fish up the gradually sloping bank and out onto the mud. Here they fill their bags at their leisure. The pelican's greatest foe is the fish-eagle, but here again he resorts to "head-work," dropping one fish and making his escape with the rest while the eagle secures that one.

Among the smaller water birds none are more clever than the dippers. They like a waterfall, and find most of their food in the eddies and around the stones. Usually they go through some interesting preliminaries before the plunge, but once they have made a dive it is surprising how easily they progress under water. They actually fly beneath the surface, staying near the bottom and searching among weeds and rocks for food. I do not know just how long they can remain under, but the fact that they do not hesitate to enter through a hole in the ice indicates that they have but little fear of suffocation.

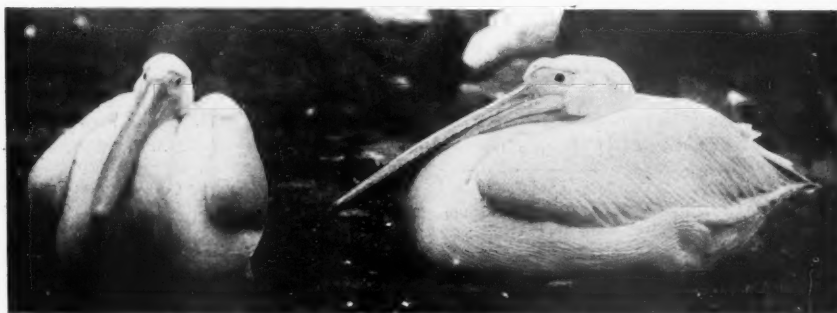
**BE strong!**

*We are not here to play, to dream, to drift.  
We have our work to do and loads to lift.  
Shun not the struggle; face it. 'Tis God's gift.*

M. D. BABCOCK

## How Mother Pelican Feeds Her Baby

HERBERT BEARDSLEY



PELICANS RESTING, AT KLAMATH LAKE

**A** PICTURESQUE bit of conservation, as well as a unique and interesting family scene in the bird world, pelicans feeding their young, seldom witnessed by the general public, is depicted on the cover of this number. The scene is a section of Klamath Lake, on the boundary of California and Oregon, which has been set aside by the Government as the breeding and nesting-place where these large and impressive birds can rear their young in complete isolation, unmolested by man.

The mother pelican, after she has fed, fish after fish having been engulfed and swallowed whole out on the lake, returns home. The young bird, awaiting her, renews its imperious clamor for food, and clad in its fluffy white down, stands in front of the parent, wildly waving the stumpy, crooked organs which represent its wings. The croaks never cease until the mother pelican opens her immense beak, points downward, and the young bird, eagerly pressing forward, pokes its head into the gaping, leathery pouch. Farther and farther it goes, at last actually stepping upon the rim of the beak. At this point the spectators begin to be nervous at the possible horrible tragedy about to be enacted before their eyes. All sympathy is with the young bird, as it apparently pushes on to its doom, a quick death in the deep interior of its mother.

However, events proceed too rapidly for intervention. Up and up, and then down goes the young bird, until he has pushed his way beyond the beak and down the neck. Then begin contortions which turn the sympathy of the spectator to the mother, for a terrible contest is apparently taking place between the young bird and its parent, and it seems inevitable that one must emerge from the conflict, mangled and disabled. After a moment of quiet, the nestling pelican again appears in the light of day, steps out of his mother's beak, not only unhurt, but replete with a bountiful repast of fish. His croaks are stilled until a few hours have passed, when hunger again arouses him to utterance.

The young birds grow rapidly, and the white down increases until the whole rookery is clothed in white. The young birds are constantly attended by one of the parents, especially at the earlier stage, and shielded with flopping wings from the direct rays of the sun. Soon, however, they leave the nest and go blundering about the island, joining in every "free for all" where chances for food seem at all favorable.

As consumers of fish, the pelicans stand pre-eminent among birds. They are splendid winged creatures, and can soar for hours on almost motionless wings.

TO A CAGED EAGLE  
(Cooper Mountain Schoolhouse, Oregon)

VERNE BRIGHT

*O MONARCH of the blue immeasured sky,  
O wanderer of the silent wilderness,  
Free as the winds are free . . . O now brought low—*

*Caged like a culprit in vile fetters bound;  
While leering, peering creatures loiter about,  
And tell with braggart tongues and smug conceit  
How with bare hands they'd caught and fettered thee!*

*O what thy crime, thou should'st deserve such fate?*

*But thou heed'st not their chattered nothingness,  
But starest upon the hills, thine eyes adream,  
Longing again to wing thy lonely way  
Above the white sierras ragged crests,  
In that blue empire where only clouds have home.*

..

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.

## HOG DEFIES FLAMES TO SAVE HER PIGS

**A**T a fire in Leominster, Mass., when a mother hog was removed from her burning pen, she persisted in returning repeatedly to be with her little ones until somebody removed the five offspring to a place of safety. Then the mother, whose bristles were burning on her last trip so that a fireman had to spray her with a chemical, was content to remain with her family, a safe distance from the flames. Five times the hog had been removed before her liberators discovered the cause of her refusing to stay away from the pen.

..

**WHEN** the Negro achieves success in the arts, the smallest admixture of white blood is noted, and the credit is duly assigned to the Nordic race. But when he rides on a railroad train below the Mason and Dixon line, one drop of Negro blood is sufficient to place him definitely in the ranks of the black race and put him in the Jim Crow car.

—New York World

## Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 17, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor  
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

AUGUST, 1923

### FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts of over 800 words in length, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. Full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

### KILLING ANIMALS BY ELECTRICITY

THE National Committee on Slaughterhouse Reform, with a Committee from the American S. P. C. A., of New York, (the Society that offered the Ten-Thousand-Dollar Prize for a humane slaughtering device) visited Omaha, Nebraska, recently to witness a demonstration of killing cattle, sheep, and swine by electricity. This visit was made upon the invitation of one of the large packing-houses of the country, a concern having 26 different abattoirs in the United States. The experiment was being made with electricity because a member of the firm had been shocked at seeing an employee of the company strike a steer 26 times before he destroyed it. "This is horrible," he said, "we must find some better method."

Before the Committees made the visit they asked, "Does your method of killing by electricity render the animal instantly unconscious?" "Is it wholly painless?" "Is there any possibility of returning to consciousness before the use of the knife?" To the first two questions the answer was "Yes"; to the last "No." This was difficult for us to believe, for we had had the best authority for stating that animals stunned by electricity would not bleed out properly and so the meat from their carcasses would not keep.

What did we find? The Company, sincerely working for a humaner method than the hit-or-miss one of the knocking-hammer, had discovered that an animal shocked with a high voltage would not bleed out, and that, therefore, the meat would not keep a sufficiently long time to answer commercial purposes. They had then reduced the voltage to something like 400 or less and found that the animal dropped, became motionless, could easily be hoisted up and bled, and that the blood flowed freely.

But what about the animal meanwhile? It was suffering torture, if the testimony of human beings so shocked is to be believed. There could be no doubt of it. We had with us as one of the Committee of the American S. P. C. A., the president of the New York State Veterinary Association, a thoroughly trained scientific veterinarian, who examined animal after animal and found that, while the current did produce more or less effectively motor paralysis, it did not produce paralysis of the sensory portion of the cerebrum or forebrain, which controls the sense of feeling, as was manifested in the remaining reflexes of

the eye and eyelids of the animal several minutes after being shocked.

To lie upon the slaughter floor, to be hoisted, and to have the throat cut, while powerless to move but still keenly alive to pain, is a horror one vainly tries to imagine.

And what about this suffering? Imnumerable witnesses who have experienced these shocks which did not kill affirm that the agony endured until the current is shut off or they lose consciousness is beyond description. We talked recently with an expert electrician who was caught by a low voltage current and held for some short time, who said, "No words can portray what I suffered. My eyes seemed as if they would leap out of their sockets, my heart appeared to stop, I could not breathe, my chest felt as if it was on fire, I hoped I could die, then I became unconscious."

We believe this scheme of destroying our food animals by electricity is settled once and for all, that it will not be tried out again in the light of what was demonstrated at Omaha. Our hope is that the report of the device to be given practical test in Chicago, and of which we wrote in our last issue, will be a very different one.

### VESTED CRUELTY

THIS is the title of an editorial in the *London Morning Post* of recent date. It is concerned with a Bill to compel the humane slaughtering of food animals, which would undoubtedly have been passed by the British Parliament but for the opposition of the Jewish interests. The humane societies of the country and the United Meat Trade were united upon it. It demanded that animals slaughtered for food be first rendered unconscious by some mechanically operated device.

As to this opposition which blocked the Bill's passage, the *Post* says:

"The Jewish practice, which follows what may be called the Mosaic ritual, is to cut the animal's throat and leave it to bleed to death; and to preserve this practice Jewish influence is exerted to prevent any change in the law, as applied even to Gentile slaughter-houses. For although the Jews insist on their own ritual, they do not provide their own slaughter-houses. They cause to be killed many more animals than they consume, and it is estimated that at least 70 per cent of the slaughtering in the Islington abattoirs is done in the Jewish method, under which an animal may retain consciousness for some minutes after its throat has been cut. The very moderate Bill which was moved yesterday would not prohibit the Jewish method, but would give the Minister of Health power to grant special exemptions from the general law in approved cases; which means that if the Jews cared to establish and maintain their own abattoirs, they would be at liberty to do so, but that the country generally would be redeemed from the reproach of a tribal barbarism. If the Jewish community insisted on its own methods for its own people, there would be less to be said of its attitude to this question; but that it should obstruct reform as relating to the non-Jewish population is intolerable. The Bill, on which all parties—and all interests except that of Jewry—are agreed, could be passed in ten minutes but for this selfish and sectional opposition. It is a scandal that a measure of simple humanity should be held up in this way in the interests of a fractional section of the community."

### A GIGANTIC FOLLY

THE *National Financial News* should know what it is talking about when it deals with matters of finance. Let us quote a few sentences from a June issue, condensing as far as possible:

Four years after the world war the United States Government spent \$3,500,000,000 of the \$4,109,104,150 collected in federal taxes (1922), in paying for past wars and preparing for future conflicts. The balance, about 15 per cent, or some \$600,000,000, covered all other governmental departments. This is an economic monstrosity.

If the Government told every tax-payer when taking his money, "We are going to spend 85 cents of each of these dollars for war," what would the tax-payer say?

Now the present receipts from tariff rates are approximately 19 per cent of the total federal revenue for the fiscal year 1924, quite enough to meet all peace-time governmental expense. Imagine what it would mean, had people been sane enough to keep out of wars, for the Government to be able to say, as it might but for these war taxes, "No money is needed this year from the tax-payer. The tariff is providing all that is necessary." And this is just what might have happened had men and nations dared venture to stake their fortunes on the Golden Rule. No country is so prosperous as to stand this gigantic waste forever. If men could once realize what war has cost them for at least these last 2,000 years the folly would cease.

### IF HE HAD NOT BEEN CHAINED

THIS is the pitiful story that comes from Rockville, Connecticut:

Chained to a kennel adjoining a barn, a collie dog owned by Frank R. Rau of No. 68 Grand Street, gave the first alarm of a serious fire at 11:30 o'clock last night that cost the dog's life. The barking and yelping of the helpless animal aroused the neighborhood and resulted in an alarm being turned in. The blaze was so close to the kennel, however, that the dog was burned to death.

The chained dog generally witnesses to a master who thinks only of the dog's services as a watchman and nothing of the cruelty to the poor bond slave.

### PRESERVE THE ANTELOPE

AN exchange says that the preservation of the antelope in the national parks like the Yellowstone is a matter of concern to the Department of the Interior, which finds the herds have all been depleted, chiefly because of the rigors of last winter. The entire Yellowstone collection of today does not exceed 350 head.

The country is in a fair way to lose one of its most graceful game animals. Antelope seek the low-lying valleys outside the boundaries of the Yellowstone Park. In these valleys they become easy prey of wolves and coyotes.

New roads are being built through the national park system, and over these it only takes hours for motorists to reach the feeding grounds of the antelope. Hunters, many of whom exceed their quota, have found their way into the remotest haunts of the beasts in this way.

It is hoped that steps may be taken to conserve the remnants of the once great herds of antelope that roamed the expanses of the West.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

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#### MONTHLY REPORT

Cases investigated	662
Animals examined	4,444
Number of prosecutions	30
Number of convictions	25
Horses taken from work	89
Horses humanely put to sleep	70
Small animals humanely put to sleep	672
<b>Stock-yards and Abattoirs</b>	
Animals inspected	55,711
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	164

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals received, during June, \$500 from the Newburyport S. P. C. A.; \$200 from the C. I. T. Fund; \$100 from B. E. R., and \$100 from Miss E. C., of which \$75 is for the endowment of a free horse stall in memory of Mrs. C. M. D.; \$60 from the Women's Auxiliary of the Angell Memorial Hospital; \$50 each from Miss R. W. and Miss M. C. S.; \$25 each from Miss E. L., P. A. D., Miss E. T., L. G., and K. S.; \$20 each from E. K. B., Mrs. H. W. S., and Mrs. F. H. W.

The Society has also received for the Free Dispensary, in grateful memory of George Thorndike Angell, \$100 each from Miss C. K., Miss M. C. S., Mrs. C. F. R., and Mrs. E. D. N.; \$50 from Miss A. P. K.; \$31 from a Union Meeting at Southbridge; \$25 each from E. P. B., C. R. T., B.-W. Co., W. H. R., G. A. B., and Mrs. K. K. D.; and \$20 each from M. I. N. and Miss M. W.

The Society has been remembered in the wills of Ida L. Plummer of Pepperell, Claudius W. Rider of Holyoke and Paul Wilde Jackson.

The American Humane Education Society received \$200 from two New York friends; and, for forming new Bands of Mercy, in grateful memory of George Thorndike Angell, \$50 each from R. D. C. and Miss M. W.; and \$25 each from B.-W. Co., Mrs. G. W. H., Miss S. U., and Miss L. S.

July 10, 1923.

#### Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Brookline 6100

#### Veterinarians

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R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D.  
J. RAYMOND WELLS, V.M.D.  
D. L. BOLGER, D.V.S.

HARRY L. ALLEN, *Superintendent*

#### FREE Dispensary for Animals

Treatment for sick or injured animals.

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday from 11 to 1.

#### HOSPITAL REPORT FOR JUNE

Hospital		Free Dispensary	
Cases entered	596	Cases	699
Dogs	403	Dogs	536
Cats	152	Cats	153
Horses	28	Birds	6
Birds	11	Horses	4
Calf	1		
Squirrel	1		
Operations	299		
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, '15	34,644		
Free Dispensary cases	42,711		
Total	77,355		

#### VACATION FOR THE HORSES

SEVEN dollars will give some tired-out horse a two-weeks' respite from the hot and hard pavements of city streets while on a vacation at the Nevins Rest Farm of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. at Methuen.

He who has seen these patient servants turned out to pasture, for the first time in years, will never forget the rejuvenation shown by the hard-worked creatures when they found the soft earth beneath their feet, and felt the luxury of rolling on the cooling grass.

#### THIRD EDITION CALLED FOR

SO great has been the demand for "The Teacher's Helper in Humane Education," by Dr. Francis H. Rowley, that we are now printing the third (revised) edition of 20,000 copies. No other book or booklet that we know of, devoted to aiding teachers in this work, has reached so large a circulation, about 60,000 copies having been published to date. The pamphlet has been in demand from Maine to California, in the Philippines, and wherever the English language is spoken. A special edition has been issued in London for distribution in Great Britain. The work has the endorsement of leading educators throughout the country. Every humane society should see that it is placed within reach of every teacher, especially in the hands of those where the state law compels the teaching of kindness to animals. Single copies are sent, postpaid, for ten cents; special low prices on large quantities. Address the American Humane Education Society, Boston.

#### FIVE WATERING STATIONS

TWO new hydrant watering stations for horses were opened this season in Boston by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., one at the corner of Causeway and Staniford Streets, and one on Hanover Street, between Blackstone and Union Streets. The other three stations, at Post Office Square, Copley Square, and corner of Atlantic Avenue and Commercial Street, were opened June 21. This free service for the thirsty work-horses of the metropolis, where the regular fountains are still closed, is greatly appreciated by team owners and drivers who are compelled to carry their own pails. The expenses are met by special funds contributed by friends of the Society. Have you a share in this work of animal relief?

#### SALEM ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE

AT the recent annual meeting of the Animal Rescue League of Salem, Mass., Miss Anna Fessenden, who has been the League's very efficient secretary, was chosen president. Miss Fessenden's report for the year ending May 31, stated that 1,011 cats and 193 dogs had been humanely put to sleep, that several lost dogs had been restored to their owners, and that homes had been found for a number of animals. Many touching incidents in the work of the League were cited. Nineteen drinking pans for small animals are maintained about the city. The League enjoys the hearty co-operation of the city departments, the local press, and many influential citizens. Its membership is 395. We congratulate the organization upon its fine record and good prospects for the future under Miss Fessenden's direction.

#### LOSS OF TEXAS HUMANE WORKER

IN the death of John M. Adams, in June, who for five years had served as secretary and superintendent of the Tarrant County Humane Society, the city of Fort Worth and the state of Texas lost one of their most enthusiastic humane workers. Mr. Adams had been ill for nearly a year. He was an influential member of the Texas legislature and prominent in the fraternal and social life of his city.

#### EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

##### An Annuity Plan

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, Charles G. Bancroft, president of the International Trust Company, Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, and John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject, and will be glad to furnish all further details.

## American Humane Education Society



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see last page. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

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### Field Representative

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### WHERE STONE WALLS DO NOT A PRISON MAKE

IN the *San Francisco Examiner* of May 7, Governor John Parker of Louisiana says:

"I believe that humanity and progress are the watchwords of this generation. I believe in remaking prisoners into real men, and I am heart and soul against capital punishment. I believe that a businesslike institution can be evolved out of any prison. Today Angelo penitentiary of Louisiana is fast becoming one of the show-prisons of the country. It is run efficiently, but kindly. We trust our men, just as though they were coming to us to recuperate after some severe illness. We don't baby them. We don't believe in making things easy for them. We give them the hardest kind of work. We treat them fairly, squarely, and humanely. Why can't this whole country realize such is the way to deal with prisons and prisoners?"

### A LETTER FROM PARIS

THOSE interested in our visit to Europe last year to study the slaughter-house problem will be glad to know that an opportunity was given us in Paris to render some service to the humane cause in that city. Among the pleasantest of the acquaintances made were Mme. Windram, an American lady long resident in Paris, and Mme. Simons, of the League for the Defence of Animals. It is from the former that the gracious letter has been received, and the article which appeared in the *New York Herald*, Paris edition. We appreciate the compliment, but it is far too generous. Altogether too much credit is given to us. Whatever has followed has been due to the earnest and devoted friends of the cause in Paris.

Mme. Windram writes: "We are very much pleased with the ambulance which we got in England. Another one, a Lingfeldt ambulance, has been given us for the abattoirs. The article which I enclose tells you how finely we are getting on. We are so pleased about the hospital. That will probably have a motor ambulance. The American promising the hospital says he is willing to spend a million francs. All this is the result of your visit here. You can imagine how many times you are blessed."

The following is from the *Paris Herald* of June 19 last:

A group of American and English residents of Paris gathered at the Union Interalliee early this spring in the interest of the welfare and protection of animals in France. The meeting was the outcome of an article to the *Herald* by Dr. Francis H. Rowley, president of the S. P. C. A. in Boston. Dr. Rowley had made a tour of inspection of the chief countries of Europe, studying their care and treatment of animals, particularly in the slaughter-houses.

A temporary committee was formed at this meeting. In May the permanent committee was organized, consisting of the Hon. Hugo Baring, of the Westminster Foreign Bank, Ltd.; Canon Richard Marquedant Doubs, of the American Cathedral of the Holy Trinity; the Rev. G. E. B. Scanlan, Assistant Chaplain of St. George's Church; Mr. Reginald W. Windram, Miss Adelaide Spofford and Miss S. Blackinton. Since these meetings, very satisfactory work has been accomplished. A large, completely equipped, modern animal ambulance has been bought—the only modern ambulance in the city—and another ambulance has been presented by Miss Lindaf-Hageby, who does much work for animals in England.

In co-operation with Mme. Simons, of the Ligue pour la Defense des Animaux, the association has financed a free clinic for sick and injured animals at 31 rue Saint-Lazare, and has made some very necessary improvements in the abattoirs of Paris, particularly eight gangways by which animals can be driven in and out of the vehicles used for transport.

The association has also received a generous offer from an American lover of animals, to build and equip a free animal hospital in a congested part of Paris, with the funds necessary for its maintenance, and with a farm in the country for the same purpose. Conferences have been held with French people of influence, concerning the revision of the French laws regarding the protection of the animals.

The association has received contributions

of more than 21,000 francs, most of which has already been expended in practical ways to lessen the unnecessary suffering of animals, especially those to be killed for food.

### RABBIS ENDORSE MOVEMENT

WE are happy to announce, in addition to previously published Resolutions passed by various Christian denominations, the following recent endorsement of humane education by the Central Conference of American Rabbis:—

My dear Dr. Rowley:—

I know you will be pleased to learn that the following Resolution was this morning presented at and adopted by the Central Conference of American Rabbis, meeting at Cape May, N. J.:

"... The C. C. A. R. therefore puts itself on record as keenly interested in the ever-spreading movement of kindness to animals, and herewith resolves that it is at all times ready to aid in the spread of the ideal of Kindness to Animals by every means at its disposal; that it recommends that Kindness to Animals be taught in all Jewish religious schools, and that Be Kind to Animals Week be fittingly observed by the Rabbis preaching on the subject, on the Sabbath preceding that week."

"It also applauds the effort and commends the action of the Governors and Mayors who endeavor by Proclamation to make Be Kind to Animals Week an established institution of our Nation."

With greetings and best wishes, I am,

Yours for Humaneness,

(Signed) JACOB S. RAISIN

### ANOTHER STATE IN LINE

MRS. BOWDEN, president of the Jacksonville, Florida, Humane Society, is to be congratulated upon her success in securing the passage of a Humane Education Law for her state. Through the co-operation of the Hon. Frank O. Miller of Duval County, who introduced the Bill and spoke enthusiastically in its behalf, and others deeply interested, the following is now on the statute books of Florida:

SECTION 1. Be it enacted: that for the purpose of lessening crime, and raising the standard of good citizenship, and inculcating the spirit of humanity, such humane education shall be given in public schools of this state as shall include the kind and just treatment of horses, dogs, cats, birds, and all other animals.

SECTION 2. In every public school within this state not less than one-half hour of each week during the whole of each term of school shall be devoted to teaching the pupils thereof kindness and justice to, and humane treatment and protection of animals and birds and the important part they fulfill in the economy of nature. It shall be optional with each teacher whether it shall be a consecutive half-hour or divided into shorter periods through the week, or whether such teaching shall be through humane reading, stories, narratives of daily incidents or illustrations taken from personal experiences. The instruction shall be a part of the curriculum of study in all the public schools of the state.

SECTION 3. The principal or teacher of every school shall certify in his or her reports that such instruction has been given in the school under his or her control.

THE VEGETARIAN'S SIDE OF IT  
II

IN August, 1914, as some of us remember, the German cruiser, Kronprinz Wilhelm, left Hoboken. She roamed the seas for 255 days, during which time she sank thirteen alien vessels—"taking no man's life," the report mentions), replenished her own spacious larder with cargoes of fresh meat, butter, white flour and potatoes and other demineralized foods—this German raider destined later, with her disease-stricken crew, to become a renowned Experimental Diet Station, demonstrating important facts of great scientific value. Their devitalized and stimulating food did its fatal work. One hundred and five of the crew of five hundred were prostrated and others were on the verge of prostration. They were dropping to the deck (so related by Alfred W. McCann in *The New York Globe*, April 20, 1915) at the rate of two a day. "The pallor of the crew, the dilation of the pupils of their eyes, typical symptoms of paralysis, dilated heart, atrophy of muscles and anemia, made it plain the whole crew were going to pieces." So grave the situation that her bold Captain, deciding to take a desperate chance between certain death on the sea, and hoped-for safety on an alien shore, "made a dash, full steam ahead, with all lights out, in the darkness of the night for coveted haven in the James River." So grave the situation, indeed, that in McCann's opinion, in "a few weeks more the boat would have been manned by 500 dead men." Government experts, State experts, specialists in private practice and great numbers of health officers and physicians came in consultation regarding the curious disease decimating the sturdy German sailors. Baffled in every attempt to board the vessel, strictest quarantine excluding all save medical visitors, permit from State and from Washington denied him, McCann, bent on his humanitarian mission, resorted to subterfuge. Engaging the best launch available, on reaching the cruiser he presented a card bearing the signature of an eminent physician. This device secured his immediate reception, and he was ushered into the presence of a dozen visitors who arose to meet him "as the Captain and his officers welcomed him in military fashion." Explaining his presence as one who had "given more study to the causes of malnutrition and had addressed more physicians on that one subject than any other man in America," he received immediate recognition which ultimately gave him control of the situation. Not Beri Beri and polished rice, but red meat and non-mineralized foods were responsible for the crew's deplorable condition. Mineral starvation long continued while being fed on a million calories diet. "The cargo of whole wheat (McCann writes) with the germ and bran unremoved which they sank in the sea, would have been worth more to the rapidly succumbing Germans than its weight in gold and precious stones, but they did not know how badly they needed that whole wheat with its alkaline calcium and potassium salts. They did not heed the fact that in the food they seized the base-forming elements had all been processed out. They did not heed the fact that after a diet of refined food a mild chronic acidosis is set up which abstracts the lime salts from the fibrous tissues, muscle, nerves, cartilages and bones. When their limbs began to swell they did not know that the swelling was due to the abstraction of these

lime salts with the increased vascularity which follows. They did not heed the fact that loss of lime salts causes irritability and weakness of the muscles with neuralgic pains. They were consuming enormous quantities of the refined foods now so extensively relied upon throughout the United States, and they looked in all directions seeking the cause of their alarming distemper—save in the right direction. They were consuming enormous quantities of fresh meat, all the butter and cheese they could eat, boiled potatoes, canned vegetables, condensed milk and all the coffee and tea (with fancy cakes and biscuits) they could drink constituted their diet. Americans do develop the same conditions but because they eat many other off-setting foods containing base-forming elements (which were outside the reach of the German sailors), the severity of the condition is modified accordingly."

That the officers largely escaped the dire calamity was due to the supply (limited as it was) of captured fruits and vegetables exclusively reserved for the officers' table.

A. MONTAIGNE

## APPRECIATIVE WORDS

AMONG the humane posters made by school children during our recent competition, several were received from Steyr, Austria. Although ineligible for the Massachusetts contest, the designs were of such merit as to be entitled to special awards. The appreciation of the recipients of these prizes is related in the following letter from their teacher:

Steyr, May 25, 1923.

Dr. Francis H. Rowley, Boston.

Dear Sir:

Your friendly lines of May 3 which I received the day before yesterday made our hearts beat higher as we really did not expect that you could manage to place our pupils among the prize-winners.

Let me express our heartfelt thanks for your generous help. It will be among our greatest moral assets to make people of foreign countries see that Steyr does not only produce cheap iron goods, but that it also cares for the humane spirit.

In the 5th class, where I teach English, I read your kind letter to the pupils. They felt very glad when they learned you would send them a copy of *Our Dumb Animals* for a whole year.

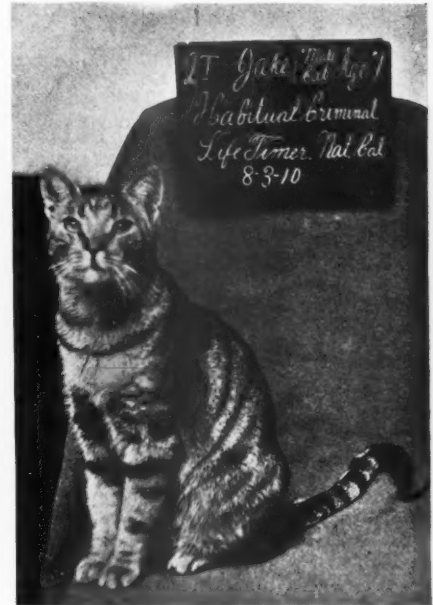
But, of course, the general surprise rose higher when I handed the checks to Anmayr and Trojak. As they are very poor, the money will be most welcome to them. Their schoolmates' faces also were animated with joy and pride at their friends' success, others seemed to regret having drawn no poster. I could not help from acknowledging their good will to helpless creatures, and told them that their posters contributed a little to restore the credit of our unhappy country. I need not insure you that Mr. Jung's eyes, whom I went to see in his study the same afternoon, also flashed with brilliant joy at the news of being a prize-winner. He hopes to become known a little in your country as an animal painter.

Hoping for a continuance of your confidence, for our Society, too, I remain with kindest regards,

Yours truly,

MARTIN PAWLIK

Remember that the first great need of animals in hot weather is water.



## JAKE, THE PRISON CAT

IN a letter replying to an enquiry, S. L. Randolph, captain of the yard at California State Prison, San Quentin, writes:—

"I personally brought 'Jake,' our Garden Beautiful cat, into San Quentin Prison thirteen years ago, when he was but about two weeks old, and he has never been outside the walls since his arrival.

"In Jake's younger days there was no cat he could not outjump or outtrick. The whole prison personnel became attached to him and he played no favorites. Some of the men taught him all sorts of tricks, and he would perform for any of them in a very matter of fact way.

"Each evening at the prison count Jake takes his place in front of the office line and seems to know that he must not be counted A. W. O. L. I have never known him to miss this line-up since he started it many years ago.

"Although he is at the present time in the best of health, we have made all preparations to give him a decent cat's funeral when he passes out, and his final resting place will be in some pretty spot in Garden Beautiful, properly marked in his memory."

## HUMANE LEADER AMONG NEGROES

HUMANE education has many active advocates and supporters in the Negro boarding schools of the South. A majority of these schools, we have only recently been informed, heartily observed Humane Sunday and "Be Kind to Animals" Week this year.

For many years one of the best known Negro educators was Prof. J. D. McCall of Ocala, Florida, who passed away in April. As the dean of the academic department of the Florida Normal and Industrial Institute at St. Augustine, he believed in and energetically promoted humane study in all his school work. He was a leader who kept pace with all forward movements affecting his race, a broad-minded and influential humanitarian. The records of the Parent American Band of Mercy show that in Professor McCall's home school, Howard Academy, Ocala, a Band of 500 members was organized.

## SIZE AND STRENGTH OF DOGS

L. E. EUBANKS

THE largest dog I have ever heard of was the St. Bernard, Plinlimmon—weight 210 pounds, and height (measured at the shoulder), 34½ inches. When we consider mere bulk and weight, the St. Bernard is unquestionably the largest breed of dog, though some others are stronger—anyway, seem to be, because of more pep and adaptability.

Many people will tell you that the mastiff is the world's largest dog, probably because this breed is known to have been used years ago for draft purposes. The mastiff is a strong dog, and a useful one, but he is not, on the average, as heavy as a St. Bernard. The common impression that Newfoundlands are very large comes from the stories of their rescue work in the water and on the mountains. Their size is easily surpassed by that of several other breeds.

Of course the Great Dane is a big dog—and "all meat," too, astonishingly muscular and powerful, and not a bit slow to exercise his great strength. One breeder tells of locking a Great Dane in a barn and seeing the dog tear the door completely down to get out. A few instances of 34 inches at the shoulder have been recorded, but usually Danes are considerably below this in height.

The most magnificent pair of dogs I ever saw, from the viewpoint of size, strength and efficiency, were "Zero" and "Arctic," huskies brought to Seattle from "north of 65." Each weighed 120 pounds, and together they could draw a sled weighted with 1,000 pounds of freight. On some occasions Mr. Scotte, owner and driver, found it necessary to load each dog with a pack of 100 pounds, and as a reward gave them a daily feed of twenty pounds of moose meat.

Any ordinary dog of average size is much stronger than is commonly supposed. A 40-pound bull terrier will drag a 200-pound man all over town unless the man wraps the lead-cord around a post, or resorts to some other stratagem. The dog's feet are better prepared for gripping the ground, and he has more of them, four as compared to two, four points of contact with the earth, better traction than man.

I have referred to the strength of the northern sled dogs. Not all of them are as big as Zero and Arctic, but they are all surprisingly strong. Even the Eskimo dog, regarded as too light for freighting purposes, does valiant service, and the Indian dog, being larger, makes a still better "horse." However, the huskies are the premier sled dogs. Weighing, on the average, 80 to 90 pounds, and with the fighting spirit and determination of an African buffalo, they do not know what it is to give up. Four of them will draw a load of 600 pounds, and go 40 miles a day—50 or 60 under pressure.

## WELCOME LETTERS

A PROMINENT business man in a Massachusetts town, writing under date of Feb. 10, 1923, sends two dollars to extend his subscription to *Our Dumb Animals* two years, and says: "Please note that I never want to stop the magazine, I think so much of it."

Another, in Oklahoma, sends a like amount to renew his own subscription and that of a grandson in Iowa, saying: "I want to get him interested in such good reading. It should be in every home in this Union."



"PEGGY JEAN" WHO FOUND A GOOD HOME WITH MRS. C. W. BILL, DANBURY, CONN., THROUGH THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

## A DOG'S RIGHT TO HIS BONE

A LEGAL precedent of considerable moment as affecting the dog was probably established in a San Francisco police court a short time ago.

Having a bone in his possession, a dog bit a five-year-old child who was interfering with him. The death penalty was demanded for the dog's act. The dumb defendant was represented by an attorney. It was merely shown that the dog had borne an unimpeachable reputation for a number of years. He was guilty of the charge. His teeth-marks in the child's arm were in evidence.

Judge Lazarus, sitting on the case, rendered a remarkable decision. Its logic, equity and humanity will commend it to all fair-minded persons who favor a square deal for the dog. The judge's decision is reported substantially as follows:

"This dog has done nothing to deserve death. The evidence has shown that he was gnawing upon a bone. That bone was his own property—and what more valuable property could a dog have than a large, juicy bone?"

"Anyone trying to deprive a dog of such property has violated the latter's most sacred property rights, and it is an invasion which the dog has a right to prevent with force.

"No one would condemn the man who shot a burglar. Yet, if we can get the viewpoint of the dog, his provocation was as great as would be the man's.

"Judges should always try to comprehend the emotions which actuated the animal on trial.

"Had I or any other man been in that dog's place, undoubtedly we would have done as did the dog—try at all hazards to protect our property.

"Though their actions may sometimes appear incomprehensible, perhaps some superior being looking down on us may find our so-called ethical actions just as puzzling.

"The case is dismissed."

Do you never think what wondrous beings these,  
Do you never think who made them, and who taught

The dialect they speak, where melodies

Alone are the interpreters of thought,

Whose household words are songs in many keys  
Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught!

LONGFELLOW

## BOYS TO PROTECT SONG-BIRDS

EDITH SLATEN

IN just eight days, one hundred and thirty-four boys of Wichita Falls, Texas, have signed the pledge not to kill a song-bird, take or destroy its nest of eggs, or permit others to do so if in their power to prevent it, and it is likely that many other boys will sign up.

The campaign, which was sponsored by the juvenile officer and one of the daily papers, was the result of a pathetic incident in connection with the killing of a mocking-bird. A little girl who lay sick of a disease that will shortly claim her, had just one pleasure left—the twice-a-day visit of a mocking-bird that perched himself in a tree at her window and poured out his song as if he knew the joy he was giving. One day, he did not come. The next day he was found dead in a neighboring yard with a bullet hole in his body, while two of the nestlings had been killed and the third had starved. There were many offers to give the child a bird in a gilded cage, and one was accepted, but the caged bird could not take the place of the little visitor she had learned to watch for.

There is a law protecting song-birds, but the juvenile officer decided to start an honor roll and see if he could educate the boys to the real value of birds. The response has been wonderful. Business men living near one of the river bridges say that prior to the campaign the boys in that section spent the entire day killing birds, but that now not a rifle or shooter is to be seen. One little boy digs worms every morning and puts them where a mother mocking-bird can get them for her brood. He is enjoying it, too. Several boys circulated the pledge in their own neighborhood and secured a large number of signatures.

## NATURE STORY FROM KANSAS

AN unusual bit of natural history is being related by W. D. Renner, a Burr Oak man. It has to do with a pair of robins nesting at his place. The female in driving away the troublesome blackbirds from the vicinity of the nest, flew against a wire and was killed. Thereupon her mate immediately took up the task of warming the eggs until they were hatched, and since has been feeding and "mothering" the little ones in general.

—Topeka Capital

## "JOCKO"

MARY OLDS LAKIN

DR. PERROU, veterinary of the town of S—, who has a small but well-equipped hospital for animals, was called on the telephone one day by a man in the city of P—.

Could the doctor take his trained monkey and make him well? He had a bad "throat," he said; some "big bunch," it want be "cut," he thought; and, "how much be sharge?"

Dr. Perrou told him he might bring the animal, but without seeing him he could not tell whether he could help him or not. The man and the monkey came next day; the former coarse, loud-voiced and rough; the monkey thin in flesh, his hair matted and sickly looking, his neck wound about by a dirty rag. This being removed, the bunch, of which the man had spoken, was revealed, its surface dented by two deep, ragged cuts, inflicted, evidently, by some dull instrument in an unskilled hand.

Some instinct must have told the little beast that this large man, whom he was now seeing for the first time, was of a different type from his cruel master, for, when loosed, though reprimanded for so doing and even threatened by an uplifted hand, he had shambled tremblingly to the feet of Dr. Perrou. Seeing that he was half dead from ill treatment and pain, and in mortal terror of his master, the veterinary got rid of the latter as soon as possible and prepared to perform the operation that he saw was necessary.

Since being brought in, the monkey had noticed every movement of Dr. Perrou, and now, as he saw him finger a bright blade, he retreated to the farthest corner. Cowering and shivering he sat there, his terror every moment increasing, and then the great tears welled up in his eyes and rolled slowly down his dark cheeks.

"Here!" said Dr. Perrou to his assistant, "we can't stand this; get the ether," and presently Jocko slept.

When the monkey awoke, pain and fear had left him, and he examined with the curiosity of a child his new surroundings, handling each article of his clean bed and feeling its texture with his long, flexible fingers, and touched gingerly the dressing at his throat. Then he looked, with wrinkled forehead in the face of the big man who stood near watching him, and, after studying him thus for a full half minute, he turned about and deliberately went to sleep again.

Mrs. Perrou shares her husband's interest in his humane work, and every animal that makes any but the briefest stay in the little hospital soon learns to know and like her, and Jocko proved no exception.

His master grew impatient—missing the dimes and quarters that the little fellow had been wont to bring to his pockets—and several times inquired for him, and proposed coming to get him, but the doctor would not approve until he saw that he was fairly well.

Then, one day, Jocko heard the voice he so much feared—the voice that so often preceded blows—and cowered in the farthest corner of his cage. He recognized the command that was now given him, but hesitated to obey; and again it was given. Would not these kind friends interpose?

Mrs. Perrou knew that Jocko was to be taken away that morning, and had just come in. Now she stretched her hand and said, "Come, Sweetheart," and with a lightning spring he was in her arms.

"Sweetheart! ho, ho, ho!" laughed the man coarsely. "Sweetheart!" he repeated, and again laughed boisterously.

Poor little Jocko had to go back to his work-a-day world, but, if to him is given, in the night-time, the comfort of sweet dreams, surely they are of a place, or a world where the people are always soft-voiced and of tender touch, and where God's speechless ones know nought but kindness.

## MUSK OXEN—THEIR METHODS OF DEFENSE

HERBERT BEARDSLEY

THE musk-oxen, a robust specimen of which is here pictured from Greenland, can unquestionably claim the blue ribbon among wild animals for courage and defense of family. Except by a few Arctic explorers, their wonderful defensive tactics are not generally known.

Nature has provided these Arctic creatures with a remarkable and effective defensive equipment. These formidable head weapons are their sharp down-and-up-curved horns. When full grown the whole top of the head is covered by a pair of horns enormously flattened at the base and meeting each other in the center line of the forehead. From the meeting point they sweep downward over the edge of the cranium, close to the cheeks, but finally recurve upward before coming to a point.

When beset upon and harassed by savage dogs and wolves, a herd of musk-oxen will form a remarkable defensive and well-nigh impregnable circle. They form in a corral, while the calves retreat under their mothers, inside this living ring defense. The big adult bull leaders stand outside of the group, with heads down, ready to meet the charge of the dogs or wolves in any direction. This ring of lowered heads and menacing sharp horns forms a dog and wolf-proof barricade which these hungry foes cannot break through. At the close approach of a wolf a bull will rush out of line to get him, but no more than twenty feet, and then will quickly back again into his original position. This dangerous circle of the musk-oxen is so well recognized by the wolves, that it is said often a pack will pass by a herd at close range and make no effort to risk an attack.

The full-size adult male stands four feet and a half in height, weighing in the neighborhood of 1,200 pounds. The horns of the males are much thicker and longer than those of the females. The horns of the latter are not only shorter and more slender, but lack the enormous breadth at the base of those in the male. The weight of the adult male is also about one-third greater than that of the adult female.

The meat of the musk-ox is juicy and good as beef. All Arctic expeditions have had to depend largely on this animal to furnish food. The late Rear-Admiral Peary says: "Too often in years gone by the sighting of those black forms has meant to me the difference between death and life."

The musk-oxen travel and feed in herds from five to one dozen or more, and their capture is not difficult. Owing, probably, to their freedom from molestation in their Arctic haunts, they are comparatively tame. The killing of these animals for trophies and skins, however, can be considered only as pure slaughter and cannot be regarded as sport.



MUSK-OX PHOTOGRAPHED IN GREENLAND

## FUR AND MORE FUR

TWO women were sitting in a machine outside a downtown shop waiting for a friend who had been lured inside for one of the bargains displayed.

"Fur—fur—fur!" exclaimed one of the waiting women in the car, "it doesn't seem as though there could be a fur-bearing animal left—and I wish there weren't, for then their suffering would be over."

Then she explained that she didn't so much mean the beasts that were raised purposely for the use of mankind and humanely disposed of when their time came. Neither did she mind people swathing themselves in the skins of such animals after the poor things needed them no longer. It was the wholesale exploitation of trapped animals that she deplored. Was it necessary that every young female person should wear a striped fur coat? Was it necessary that every rich woman, every actress, every demi-mondaine should possess various coats, stoles, boas, muffs, at the agonized expense of trapped creatures? Was it ignorance of such suffering, or indifference? She wondered.

Then she snuggled down into the wide collar of her duvety coat and managed to look quite as smart and infinitely more comfortable than her fox-pelted friend who, for the first time, was beginning to think a bit.

—Rocky Mountain News, Denver

## THE SMALLEST FISH

PROBABLY the smallest fish in the world are to be found in the mountain lake Buhl, on the island of Luzon, Philippines. This fish, which the natives call the smarapan, is the most minute vertebrate animal known to science. It weighs only half a grain, and half an inch is its maximum length. This appeared in a daily paper, and as the item was interesting, if true, we took the trouble to consult Dr. Lucas, director of the American Museum of Natural History, and he not only said the item was correct, but gave some additional information and compared the minute fish with a whale. He writes as follows: "Mistichthys luzonensis; one weighs 1.9866 grains, 14,000,000 weigh one ton and 840,000,000 weigh sixty tons—blue whale."

—Scientific American

Just so soon and so far as we put into all our schools more humane education and foster the spirit of justice and kindness toward the lower creatures, just so soon and so far shall we reach the roots not only of cruelty, but of crime.

## The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*  
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*  
E. A. MARYOTT, *State Organizer*

### PLEDGE

**I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.**

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
  2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
  3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
  4. An imitation gold badge for the president.
- See inside front cover for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

### NEW BANDS OF MERCY

One hundred and ninety-three new Bands of Mercy were reported in June. Of these, 81 were in schools of Rhode Island; 59 in schools of Massachusetts; 43 in schools of Georgia; five in schools of Maine; three in schools of Canada; and one each in schools of Connecticut and Minnesota.

**Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 143,096**

### NATIONAL EDUCATION ASSOCIATION

**F**OR free distribution at the great meetings of the World Conference on Education at San Francisco, beginning June 28, and the National Education Association, at Oakland, California, the first week in July, the American Humane Education Society forwarded 1,000 copies of "The Teacher's Helper" and other appropriate literature. Mrs. Alice L. Park of Palo Alto, field worker of the Society, attended the meetings and took personal charge of the exhibits of humane helps.

**THERE** is an affinity between children and animals—they understand each other.

—*New Haven Journal*



KIWANI, TAME BEAR

**A**DAM H. BELL, local inspector for the Humane Society in Saskatoon, Sask., has a close friend and protégé in Kiwani, ursine member of the Kiwanis Club. Kiwani is able to sit up and take nourishment—frequently. In fact he is a happy, hearty growing bear and a big favorite with everybody.

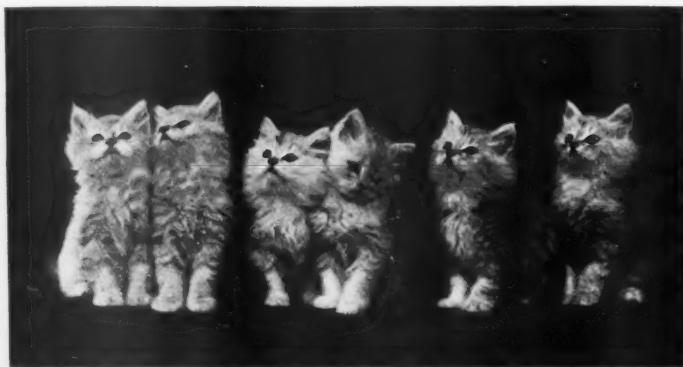


Photo by Jas. B. Herrick

Copyright, Jas. B. Herrick

Courtesy of Photo-Era Magazine

"WHO SAID CATNIP?"

## Boy Scouts and Their Dumb Friends

**T**HERE are some 450,000 Boy Scouts today who are hunting for animals to whom they may do a kindness. This means that in ten years we shall have an army of 450,000 men actively engaged in carrying on a crusade of mercy.

"A Scout is kind," says the sixth Scout law. "He is a friend to animals. He will not kill or hurt any living creature needlessly, but will strive to save and protect all harmless life." And the Handbook for Boys says: "Another scout trait is that of thoughtfulness, even to animals. . . . Every Scout is a boy of honor, and therefore no Scout ever would accord to a helpless animal any treatment that would be painful, neglectful, or in any manner unjust. A boy of honor cannot treat even a worm unjustly. He will remember that the cat, the dog, horse, and ox are helpless prisoners in his hands, dependent upon his mercy and thoughtfulness. It is only the meanest of men who treat their prisoners or their faithful servants with cruelty or neglect."

All over the country, Boy Scouts are building bird-houses for their feathered friends. Newark, N. J., troops supplied 200 of the 2,100 houses that were entered in the annual contest. The Boy Scouts at Ashburnham, Mass., supplied 168 food stations for birds last winter.

One of the Scoutmasters of a Pennsylvania troop was recently awarded the Hornaday medal for distinguished service to wild life. His eager Scouts always accompany him on his expeditions. They are maintaining eighteen feeding racks, which they themselves built and filled.

Our young savage learns that it is more fun to bandage a limp little paw, and hear an ecstatic thump from a stumpy tail, than to chase a terrified puppy up the alley. He learns that it is more of a victory to induce the starved cat to accept a bit of fish from his hand, than to send her scampering over the fence. He finds it just as interesting to help as to hurt, and before long his heart is touched, and he looks for opportunities to be of assistance.

While on a recent hike, a troop in Arizona heard a moan of distress. Investigation disclosed a young calf which had fallen into a prospector's excavation. The descent was a ticklish piece of work, but the Scouts did not hesitate. They made a rope of their belts,

and one of the boys volunteered to go after the calf. He tied the rope around the little animal and the other boys pulled him up to safety.

A Scout in Milwaukee tells to what use he put his knowledge of first aid: "While going to school I saw a crowd gather. I ran to the place and saw a bulldog had been run over by an automobile. The dog's eyes bulged from his head and his muscles were stiffening with coming death. He was lying on his back. I knelt over him, forced open his mouth, pulled out his tongue, placed a pencil across his mouth and let his jaws close. This kept his tongue from falling back into his throat and kept his mouth open.

"I then applied the Schaeffer method of resuscitation. After fifteen minutes of artificial respiration the dog began to show signs of life. The eyes no longer bulged and his heart beat normally. About fifteen minutes later I stopped, and again the dog breathed alone, but seemed unable to rise. After examination I found the backbone out of place. With the aid of another boy I slipped the vertebrae back into place. We then carried the dog to the basement of a nearby store and covered him up. After school I stopped in and found he would recover. I had been twenty-five minutes late for school."

In literally hundreds of cities, the Boy Scouts in winter pull sagging blankets over the shivering horses, scatter crumbs on the frozen ground, and daily save some terrified little creature from injury or death.

Scouts are encouraged to take an interest in all sorts of animals. Every troop has its mascot. The boys who have loved and fondled their own pets, who have been taught to feel interest in all animals, and who are on the alert for a chance to help them, are going to be the citizens of tomorrow. To their generous hands we may safely trust the fate of the helpless friends whom they loved in their boyhood.

**IF I** pass during some nocturnal blackness,  
mothy and warm,

When the hedgehog travels furtively over the lawn,

Will they say: "He strove that such innocent creatures should come to no harm,

But he could do little for them: and now he is gone"?

THOMAS HARDY in "Afterwards"

# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## KITTENS

**WE'VE** a box of pretty kittens,  
All as white as driven snow;  
Their eyes as blue as heaven,  
As they lie there in a row.

*Mother says she cannot keep them.  
"What on earth," I heard her say,  
"Can I do with four wee kittens?"  
I've a thought, though, by the way.*

*When the mother isn't looking  
We will take them down the street,  
For our neighbors must want kittens,  
And will surely think them sweet.*

*So the small white tiny babies,  
With a ribbon on each one,  
Were all taken down and left there,  
For we thought it was great fun.*

*But a week has passed most quickly,  
And I'm sure it is not far—  
We will find out in a minute  
Where those little kittens are.*

*Well, I found one in the bushes,  
With a ribbon round its head.  
I think it must be strangled  
For I'm very sure it's dead.*

*And the second was run over  
As it tried to cross the street,  
And I felt so awful sickish,  
As it lay there at my feet.*

*And the third the children played with,  
Till they tired it all the day,  
And it's curled up in a corner  
Just to hide itself away.*

*Then the fourth a lady rescued,  
And it's sleeping, fat and clean.  
It's the only one that's happy  
Of the four that I have seen.*

HARRIET R. GREENLAND

## MY FIRST CONQUEST

HELEN FRATUS

**AT** the early age of four, I was adored by little "Jimmie," who was also four. He used to walk with me to protect me from the older and rougher children, and often embraced me in public. He was particularly fond of one of my aprons, a blue gingham with a cat embroidered on it, and used to request me to wear it every day. Yet I was not satisfied with this. I wanted to know if he really loved me. One day I plucked up courage enough to say,

"If you love me truly blue,  
You must cross your heart in two."

Jimmie said nothing, but wagged his tail in acquiescence.



Courtesy of Boston Globe

## COLLIE SAVED FIVE-YEAR-OLD FROM DROWNING

**LAST** June the three Sarno children went bathing in Pines River, Revere, Mass. The water was deep and very swift, and Edmond, aged eight, ventured out too far. His older sister, Concetto, plunged after him but, being unable to swim, was lost. Little Susie blindly followed into the water, but called to her aunt's collie, on the shore, "Molly, Molly, Molly." The dog, though known to dislike water, leaped into the stream and seized Susie by her clothing just as she was about to sink and landed her in safety. When Molly returned to the channel Edmond was coming to the surface. She seized him but, because of the swift current, lost her hold. The picture shows Molly with her three puppies and little Susie.

## A CLEVER BIRD

CORNELIA ASHLEY

**BIRDS**, our feathered brothers of the wood, certainly show a wonderful instinct at the nesting-time and when the little birds are hatched and begin their training against the enemy.

One day I took a little brown path which leads over a hill, through the scrub growth to a meadow beyond. While walking along quietly through the new growth of early summer, I heard the whir of a partridge, then a call, and then before my eyes fluttered a bird with apparently a broken wing. I knew the game she was playing and so I followed her a short distance watching with keen interest and delight her attempts to draw me now this way, now that way, but all the time leading me farther away from the starting point.

I turned back and sat down to await developments. Only a minute or two passed when the mother-bird ran through the path straight to her brood of little birds.

Sure enough, a clear, low call, and immediately from under the dried brown leaves and grasses bright eyes showed and little striped-backed birds were at attention. Another low call, and they ran to the mother-bird. It seemed as if she counted them, for she turned from one to another before she was satisfied to move along.

If all the young folks who have the opportunities to study the wild things of the forest, would grow to love them and protect them, feeding them in winter when the snow is on the ground, they would be happier and our forests would be full of their happy homes.

## KILLING WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE

GEORGE BALLARD BOWERS

THE "deadly" tarantula is a big hairy spider of the tropics sometimes as large as a man's hand. To this offensive-looking creature is charged many deaths of human beings because of its poisonous bite.

It has been said that white men in the tropic jungle grow careless and take chances they would not take in any other environment. Perhaps that accounts for the young American engineer on an African survey permitting a full-grown tarantula to take up its home in the top of his green tent. After a few days the engineer found that his tent was no longer infested with fleas, chigoes, roaches, centipedes and scorpions that had made his nights a horror. There was left but one invader, the tarantula.

The tarantula was shy. Whenever the engineer entered, it would scramble up the wall to its hiding place. After a time it learned to recognize the engineer, for when returning from work, the tarantula on the floor appeared startled, stopped his hunting a moment as if to say, "Oh, it's you! What a fright you gave me!"

When the time came to move camp, the engineer left his benefactor with keen regret.

Now the point of this story is not to encourage the preservation of tarantulas, but to show how useful was the hairy, repulsive creature in spite of its bad reputation.

But was not the young engineer courageous? Yes, because he preferred the "deadly" tarantula to lesser dangers.

So he thought.

But now comes the scientist who has thoughtfully studied the tarantula to tell us that its bite is no more dangerous than the sting of the wasp, honey bee, or of a dozen other insects.

Many times danger is only a fiction. In the Philippines a little green snake was thought to have a fatal bite, but scientists studied the little creature and pronounced him harmless. It is thought that the deaths heretofore attributed to the little green snake are caused by the cobra from which the green snake seeks safety by climbing a rice stalk.

Before declaring war upon any creature, it is wise to balance its usefulness against its dangers. Sometimes men kill their most efficient helpers without knowing it. This is particularly true of the farmer and gardener who permit boys to kill birds and reptiles without discrimination.

## NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS

MANY hundreds of newspaper clippings are received each month by the editors of *Our Dumb Animals*. They come from all parts of the world, and often something of real value, that we might not otherwise see, comes to our attention in this way. We wish to remind our readers, however, that it is always better to send cuttings than marked newspapers, and that often we cannot use the clippings because the name of the newspaper and the date of its publication do not appear. Clippings should always be sent when they are fresh, and not, as is sometimes done, when they are several weeks old. It is the accounts of unusual happenings of interest to animal lovers, such as are not likely to be widely published in the daily press, that we seek.

See inside front cover page for price list.

## HUMANE CONVENTION

An International Humane Conference in connection with the forty-seventh annual meeting of the American Humane Association will be held in New York City, October 22-27, 1923. All Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty, and all humanitarians, throughout the world, are invited to attend this Convention.

The first three days will be devoted to questions relating to animal protection. The Hotel Astor, Times Square, New York City, will be hotel headquarters for the animal section. On Wednesday evening there will be a banquet with after-dinner addresses by distinguished speakers. During the last three days, subjects connected with child protection will be discussed. These sessions will be conducted in the magnificent new building of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Fifth Avenue, between 104th and 105th Streets. Hotel headquarters for the children's section will be at the Hotel Theresa, 124th to 125th Streets, Seventh Avenue. Two sessions of the Conference will be held each day. For particulars, address Dr. William O. Stillman, President, American Humane Association, 287 State Street, Albany, N. Y.

## IOWA TEACHER GUILTY OF GROSS CRUELTY

IT seems almost incredible that when a little yellow dog wandered into a room on the third floor of a High School building, the teacher in charge should so far forget himself as to give way to his anger and heartlessly throw the animal out of the window. Yet this is exactly what happened early in June in an Iowa city. Some pupils of the school afterward found the dog, which dropped fifty feet to a concrete walk, and mercifully chloroformed it. More surprising still is the fact that the Baptist Sunday School, of which the offending teacher was the superintendent, passed resolutions to the effect that the teacher had been unjustly criticized and that the committee had "absolute confidence" in him, and "appreciation for his caution for the safety of our children." The local press and the school committee fortunately saw this regrettable incident from the right angle, and, at last accounts, the teacher, who was found guilty and fined upon prosecution by the local humane society, was denied reinstatement by the school authorities.

Iowa is not one of the states where humane education is compelled to be taught by law, but it seems that it would not be out of place for this subject to be included in the curriculum of its normal schools.

## THE WISDOM OF FRIENDSHIP

WE take care of our health, we lay up money, we make our roof tight and our clothing sufficient, but who provides wisely that we shall not be wanting in the best property of all—friends? EMERSON

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel. Stalls and kennels are marked with the names of the donors.

## PRIZE SPEAKING IN CONSTANTINOPLE

WE are in receipt of a copy of the *Orient News*, a British daily published in Constantinople, which gives an extended account of the Angell prize speaking at Robert College last May. The declamations were the culmination of monthly speaking contests held at the college throughout the year, in which more than forty students had participated. The selections of the six contestants in the final test were as follows: "The Black Horse and His Rider," by George Lippard, Midhat Nuzhet; "Working at the Roots," by Geo. T. Angell, Mehmed Behaeddin; (a) "A Child's Pet," by W. H. Davies, (b) "Milk for the Cat," by Harold Monro, Jordan Jordanides; "John Gilpin's Ride," by William Cowper, Rifat Tirana; "An Orphaned Blackbird," by W. H. Hudson, Assim Zia Jakova; "The Truce of the Bear," by Rudyard Kipling, Hashim Hussein.

We have given the students' names to show the variety of the nationalities represented. Three prizes were awarded. Music by a string quartet and an address by Mr. J. D. Quirk, editor of the *Orient News*, completed the interesting program. The use of humane selections for public speaking, in contest for the Angell prize medals, was introduced at Robert College several years ago by Mrs. Alice W. Manning, whose work in humane education has been mentioned often in these columns.

## TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other Society of a similar character.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

## FORM OF BEQUEST

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or, to The American Humane Education Society), incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of ..... dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

## OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Founded by George T. Angell in 1868

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office: 180 Longwood Avenue.

## TERMS

One dollar per year. Postage free to all parts of the United States. Humane societies are invited to correspond with us for terms on large orders.

All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

## RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Active Life	\$100 00	Associate Annual	\$5 00
Associate Life	50 00	Branch	1 00
Active Annual	10 00	Children's	1 00

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